

# CORPORAL PIKE

GEN. SHERMAN'S  
GREAT SCOUT

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Young Pike, a printer, in 1850 leaves Missouri for Texas. There find an opportunity for his talents in the ranks of the Rangers. He fights with the savages take place, about which the author tells most interestingly. The Secession movement is inaugurated in Texas. Pike enlists in the 4th Ohio Cavalry and does valuable special duty in Kentucky or Col. John Kennedy.

## CHAPTER XVII.

I started out for Decatur, still following the railroad. When I passed houses it would be so far off that I was not noticed, and when a train passed I would be standing behind something, so that those on board could not see me until they had passed, when it would be too late to either stop or shoot or do anything else.

When I arrived at the first railroad bridge in the swamp, not far from the Y in the road, I came to the camp of the 2d Tenn. I walked in, unconcernedly, and called for Col. Young, but was informed that he was over the river, at Decatur.

"Do you wish to see him, sir?" asked the Major.

"Yes, sir," I replied; "but I will call again; what time do you expect him back?"

"He will be here in about an hour," said the Major.

"Thank you," I said, and I turned back.

"My guide seemed to be perfectly at home in the swamp."

"About 10 o'clock this evening," answered the Major.

"Then I will call to-morrow morning," I said.

"At this point the Major began to evince anxiety as to who and what I was, and I answered that I was on my way to rejoin my regiment at Corinth. This satisfied him, and he went into his tent; but an idle soldier bawled out:

"Say, that, what are you doing in a Yankee uniform?"

"Why, I always like to wear the best I can get," said I, and moved on.

No one pretended to stop me, although several asked me questions. Just as I was leaving camp someone hailed me, and wanted to know where I was going. I told him to a house that I pointed out, and he followed me, and I intended to stay there all night.

"You had better stay all night with us," he said; "we will treat you to the best we've got."

"No, I thank you," I said; "I have been sick for some time, and prefer sleeping in a house when it is convenient."

"Don't blame you, sir," he responded; "I would do it myself, if I could."

AN UNWELCOME INTERLUDE.

When I got to the house, I told the lady I was sick, and would like to lie down awhile; and she invited me to rest on a bed which was standing near the door, and I had a short nap, when I was aroused by the entrance of two men. Without moving, I surveyed them unobscured, for they had not seen me yet; and I was affected to be sound asleep, being well-concealed by a blanket. They inquired for me, and said they desired to speak with me. The woman pointed me out, and said I was a soldier, that had just stopped there, and inquired if I was the man they wanted.

"They said they supposed I was, and inquired of the woman who I represented myself to be; and she told them substantially my story, which was the same as that I had told before. One of them wanted to wake me up immediately, but the other said he would be allowed to sleep a little, while they waited for themselves. The first man, however, could not brook delay, and he walked up and shook me roughly, saying:

"Come, soldier, get up; we want to talk to you."

I got awake, finally, and without offering to get up, asked them what they wanted in a tone expressive of no pleasure at their intrusion. They then began to question me as to who I was, where I was going, what my regiment was, and so on; all of which I answered promptly and carefully. Pausing a little, one winked at the other, under the blanket, and returned, then addressing me, he said:

"Well, my friend, we want you to go to camp with us."

"I have been to your camp," said I, "and came from it over here to stay all night."

"Well," said the spokesman, "we want you to go back with us."

"I don't propose to go back there to-night," I responded.

"Well, he continued, "I think you will have to go."

They had not yet drawn their pistols, and without giving them time to do so, I seized my own, under the blanket, and jumped to the floor, ready to fire.

"Now," said I, "get out of this house, and do it quickly, or I will shoot you."

They began at once to utter apologies for their conduct, but I shut them up.

"I treated you like gentlemen," said I indignantly, "and you have insulted me by your outrageous pertinacity, and I want you to eat of my sight. I don't allow any man to intrude on me while I am attending to my own business."

They saw that they could not draw their weapons without exposing themselves to a shot, so they walked out of the house. Knowing very well that they would go to camp and get more men and then return, I began to study how I should proceed. One thing was certain, I could not get to the bridge immediately, for it was too strongly guarded; so, sitting down at a table, as a surprise was announced, I made the people believe I was not in the least disconcerted at what had passed; but all the time I was studying how to beat the rebels next.

I carefully calculated the time it would require for them to ride to camp and get a squad of men and ride back, and after eating I stood in the door a moment, and then said to the woman that I guessed I would go over to camp and see those fellows; that I didn't know what was the matter with them; and that they must have thought that I was a suspicious character; and the woman thought my plan a good one, and I started out, going across a very large wheatfield, and then all around it, trying to find my way through the swamp, to the river, calculating to steal a boat and foot down under the bridge.

FOLLOWED BY BLOODHOUNDS.

I failed in this, however, and knowing that I had no time to lose, I started back up the country to find my army. I took a

next swamp, I jumped over the fence, and was soon out of sight in the thick.

When I parted with the old man he asked my name and regiment; and the last words I heard him utter, as I pushed out on my journey, were:

"Ole Jacob will pray to de Lord for you dis night; may de Lord always keep you in his hand."

My guide seemed to be perfectly at home in the swamp, and piloted the way for three miles over a string of logs, which seemed to be arranged by accident, and not design, so as to form a complete chain across it, so that we were landed on the opposite side without wading a step.

Now made my way across, and at midnight I was in the hands of the enemy.

Every horse in the vicinity had been picked up by our men, and I would have been compelled to overtake the command. I, however, was compelled to go on foot till I reached Meridianville, where, as good luck would have it, I met a rebel, a buggy, who was driving a very fine horse, and I at once concluded to ride, and make up for lost time.

I accordingly concealed myself until he got close to me, when I stopped him and jumped into the buggy, and turning it around, I was off—not only with the horse, but with the negro, baggage and buggy, all of which were impressed into the service of the United States.

Putting the horse out to the top of his speed, I drove into the village just as the men were raising the Headquarters tents. I reported the condition of the country down below, on both sides of the river, as far as Tusculum, and that it was clear of rebels, with the exception of the 2d Tenn., and 1st La., both cavalry regiments; but it was impossible for me to get to the bridge, and learned that the rebels had already tarred, and that pitch-pine was piled in it, ready to be fired at a moment's notice.

AN IMPORTANT DISPATCH.

When Huntsville was captured a great amount of rolling-stock fell into our hands, and I saw a train, already fired up, was unable to escape. Upon this latter Col. Beauregard's command mounted and started for Decatur at once; and in two hours the town was in the hands of the Union army, and the flag of the Republic waving over it.

My friend of the 2d Tenn. Cav. having a hard time to save themselves, and some of them, who were out in pursuit of me, on coming back, being unaware of the change, rode directly into our camp and were captured.

The occupation of Huntsville took place on the 11th day of April, 1862; and the amount of public stores which fell into our hands was immense. We took about 500 prisoners, and the telegraph office was found a dispatch from Gen. Beauregard, giving the strength of his force at Corinth, together with his position; the disposition of the command; the amount of supplies on hand; the number of reinforcements required; and by what time they must be on the ground, or he would be compelled to evacuate the place; and adding that if that place fell into the hands of the enemy, the cause of the South was lost.

This dispatch was given to me in a few hours after I got to Huntsville, and I was ordered to take it to the headquarters of the command, and to get the document to Gen. Buell, at Corinth, without delay.

I saw the importance of the dispatch at once, and I mounted the one the General gave me—and, as he handed me the document, he told me that he had sent two other men with the dispatch, and expressed the fear that they would not get through, as they were inexperienced.

perished in the swamp, I depended on your getting through with it.

I turned my horse down toward the Fayetteville road, and put him out at a rapid gait. He was a large, thoroughbred animal, six years old, and perfectly wild, not even being bridled or shod, and I once I got him started on a straight road, I let him out to his best, till I got him pretty tired, when I checked him up to a more moderate speed.

AT FAYETTEVILLE AGAIN.

He made the trip to Fayetteville in three hours, a distance of 36 miles. When I reached the town, I stopped with my old friend, the tavern-keeper, and got another good breakfast, for I had been riding in the latter part of the night. Col. Pope, of the County seat of Morgan, was in the town, and I went to him and asked him for a fresh horse. He immediately summoned some of the leading citizens to his headquarters, and told them that I would furnish me with the best animal in the town, and bring him to me forthwith; and they were not long in obeying, and a magnificent horse—the property of a doctor who lived near. The owner expressed some dissatisfaction at parting with it, but it did not matter, for Pope was a man who allowed no trifling.

Mounting the doctor's horse, I went by way of Fishing Creek Ford, to Columbia, the County seat of Morgan, and there I saw, which place was commanded by Gen. Negley, and to him I delivered the dispatch, with the request of Gen. Mitchell that it might be sent immediately by telegraph to Gen. Buell, at Pittsburg Landing.

Gen. Negley was in bed when I arrived at his quarters, but he rose and called on his Adjutant-General, Capt. Hill, to take it to the telegraph office; while he directed the rest of his business in the place, offering to pay my bill.

About four miles from Columbia I had fallen from my horse, and was lying alone, and I presume I lay for at least an hour, entirely unconscious; but on recovering I found my horse tied to a bush nearby; and in the vicinity was a man, who, in the dust, showing that someone approached me while in a state of insensibility, and had done away immediately, supposing I was dead. I was, however, a lucky circumstance that I had been discovered in that unguarded condition, or perhaps I could never have reached my destination.

I cannot say exactly what caused me to fall. I remember distinctly that I was wide awake and whistling at the time, when suddenly it seemed as if a great weight was lowered down upon my right shoulder, and I felt myself sinking; then suddenly the weight seemed to shift to my left shoulder, and I remember no more.

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Corporal Pike in the next chapter tells how he was waylaid on his return from Huntsville, and how he discomfited those who plotted against him. Exciting incidents of scout-work he tells of with his usual pertinent descriptions.

## ADVENTURES IN THE PHILIPPINES.

A Story of Twenty Years' Residence Among a Strange People.

BY PAUL P. DE LA GIRONIERE.

Chevalier of the Order of the Legion of Honor.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

Having now concluded my last trip into the interior of the Philippines, I was desirous of not separating myself again from my son, the only being that remained to me of all those whom I had loved so tenderly. I took him with me to Manila; but I did not altogether bid farewell to Jala-Jala, yet I had almost the intention of never going back to it.

I arrived at Manila, and took up my quarters in the environs, at the abode of Baptiste Vidie, brother of the friend whom I had left at Jala-Jala.

My dear boy—my sole delight, the last beloved being that remained to me on this earth, so full of joys, but with no constructive of them—my poor Henry fell suddenly ill, and his disease made the most rapid progress.

My medical attendant, or rather my friend, Genu, advised me to take him to Jala-Jala. So many persons had recovered their health at Jala-Jala that I hoped for my child a similar good result. As they had a sign of recovery, I decided to try it.

On our arrival Vidie came to receive us, and in a few moments I occupied, with my Henry, the room which brought to my remembrance two very sorrowful days, the death of my little daughter and that of my beloved Anna. I passed every day in administering the medicine and all the comforts in my power, but with no good result or any relief for his sufferings.

On the ninth day after our arrival the dear boy expired in my arms.

On the following day he was laid close to his mother, and another tomb erected in the church of Jala-Jala.

In vain did my friend Vidie endeavor to induce me to change my residence, and the current of my affliction. My tears refused to flow, and even words failed me to express the full extent of my grief. An ardent lover, which devoured me, was too slow for the eagerness of my wishes.

In a moment of bewilderment, I was near committing the greatest act of cowardice which man can perpetrate against his Creator. I double-locked the door; I seized the poignard which I had so often used to protect my life, and pointed it against myself. My arms strengthened by delirium, was about to smite my breast, when one sudden thought came to prevent me from consummating the crime which has no pardon—although the crime of despair. My mother, my poor mother, whom I had so much loved, my good mother presented herself to my mind, and I said to me: "That wouldst and anon I—said so—there no more!"

I recollected then the words of Anna: "Go, and see thy mother again."

This thought changed my resolution completely. I threw the poignard aside with horror, and fell on my bed quite exhausted. I lay there for several days, and I left my country, the day for sailing, to the death of my mother and that of my sister.

I had no relative in the Philippines; in France alone I might yet find some affections; and, at the moment of quitting Jala-Jala forever, the idea of parting with my mother, my sister, my dear mother, came to me—was a sad and fatal grief to the many which overpowered me.

I remained in my room, without quitting it, for several days. My friend Vidie did everything possible to console me. He pressed me to start speedily for Manila, and to make up for the time I had lost in parting; but an irresistible force retained me at Jala-Jala. I was weak; my heart was so crushed by sorrows that I had no courage to leave my home, and I put it off from day to day, and from day to day I was more undecided.

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